[29 cont.]

847 child live, the older child would have to die. We are left with the choice of killing one of the children so that one can stay alive.' The explanation is absolutely convincing. There is the [593] added consideration that the Bushman mothers lose their maternal instincts when they see that a child is not thriving. I saw a six-month-old Bushman child, a really pitiful figure. The mother did not have sufficient food for her child. My wife offered to give the child the bottle. The proposal was joyfully accepted. For a few days, the child was brought at the specified times. It gladly took the bottle. But then the mother felt that her freedom was restricted. After all, she had to remain in the vicinity of the house for the sake of the child. She did not lack food at all. I provided for her. The desire for veldkost was too great, however, and the child was brought only in the morning and evening and received his meal. Naturally, no noticeable improvement could be observed. Hence, at an opportune occasion the mother disappeared, and when she reappeared, she was without the child. She and her friends had buried it alive."

853 Matters are certainly not always as hopeless as Vedder describes them. First of all, at a very early age the children are given pre-chewed veldkost, and, secondly, the women of the kin group help one another out with the breast feeding. During
● 854 the day the infant stays in a hide sack on the mother's back, and at night the children sleep at the mother's breast; the smallest lies directly at the breast, while during the cold season the others
867 cuddle around the mother's legs. From earliest childhood, the children are taught to honor the old people and not to take anything away from anyone. For the boys, the father soon carves a bow and arrow, for the girls a little digging stick. Nothing is said to little children when they take things, but once the boy has been given a bow, he may not touch anyone else's bow and arrow; otherwise he gets a beating. The boys greatly fear the women.
868 The bigger boys stay together by themselves and go hunting for
857 small game or accompany adults on the hunt for large game.

586 Marriage is absolutely indissoluble. Separation is also impossible, for outside the kin group the woman would perish in the wilderness. So far as I have observed, the relationship between
593 marriage partners is in general very good, and not uncommonly the

[36 cont.]

Cooking and Cooking Utensils

354 Lumps of surface limestone are generally used as hearthstones.
412 Here and there, as a great rarity, one finds a pounding stone of quartzite.

To pound the veldkost, small mortars, carved out of wood, with conical or hemispherical bottoms are used. In case the mortars become damaged, holes are made on either side of the crack, and the flaw is drawn together with bast strips and also smeared over with resin. The shape of the pestle, which is from 50 centimeters to one meter long, is shown in Figure 7.

415 Originally these !Kung had no pots and probably had no
(352) way of boiling anything. The usual manner of preparing food even today is to roast and grill it on and between hot stones. Nowadays,
[431] every horde owns a number of pots acquired from the Okawango.
[482] These pots have bast or tendon plaiting around them, by which they are fastened when carried on the march. The Okawango people
[439] gladly exchange these water pots, which they have carried with them on the waterless stretch, for food from the Bushmen in the area between Karakowisa and Nuragas.

416 Small cast-iron tripods are a very popular article. A
417 longish, crudely carved stirring stick, as well as a piece of hardwood for arranging the fire, completes the inventory of the Bushman kitchen. Spoons are unknown.

Clothing

291 The clothing of the woman, as has already been repeatedly described, consists of a front apron and a back apron, made of soft leather, and a leather cloak something like a pelerine. Usually she also has a carrying hide for the baby. Generally, the child does
[854] not sit on her back, as among the Blacks, but on the side of her hip.
[415] In addition, the woman has the large veld bag in which she keeps the
[412] finds from her collecting. On the march, the woman is equipped with the simple digging stick, pointed at the bottom.

The men are clothed only with the modesty apron and in addition

3: Lebzelter--163 E-5 (1926-1928) 1934 FX10 Bushmen FX10
!KUNG

142
291
301
302
(859)

Plate V. !Kung Bushmen from the Upper Omuramba u Ovambo.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10

watching part of a dance. This is not a beauty of the flesh, and therefore exists in everyone who is not an infant or stiff with age. Bushmen have long, slender arms and legs, and the men are built for running, all lean muscle and fine bone, and consequently they often seem younger than they are. They are delicate of proportion, too, and they speak very softly.

Bushmen dress themselves in the skins of animals, a man wearing only a leather loincloth and a woman a small leather apron and a big kaross, a leather cape made from a whole animal hide, belted at the waist with a sinew cord, knotted at the shoulder, forming a pouch in back where a baby can ride, and where the woman carries her blown ostrich eggs, which are used as water containers. Bushmen are a very neat people; they keep their clothes tidily about themselves, and though they do not really need haircuts because their curly hair breaks off by itself, they prefer to keep their hair cropped close to their heads. White ornaments of ostrich-eggshell beads dangle from tufts of their hair and are strung in tiny bands around their arms and knees. Sometimes they wear leather sandals, but mostly their hard brown feet are bare.

The first time we came to the Kalahari, we spent several months looking for Bushmen. It was very hard for us to find them because they are shy of any stranger. If they believe that you are coming, they run away like foxes to hide in the grass until you have gone. Their tiny huts, dome-shaped and made of grass, are also inconspicuous. I once walked right into an empty werf, as their tiny villages are called, and didn't see the little scherms, or huts, hidden in the grass until I noticed a small skin bag dangling in a shadow, which was a doorway. Then I saw the frame of the scherm around it, then the other scherms as well. The werf was abandoned, all the people had slipped away, but I heard two voices whis-

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kgalagadi FV4

dangerous for us there, so we withdrew. We should have loved to see them, and we were sorry to leave their patch of bush.

We looked in the open ground near the lions' thicket for signs of Bushmen, but we found none, so we went on over the flat plains and the next day we came to a long dip in the country, forested with small trees, the last place, said Theunis, where anyone except Bushmen lived. It was the rainy-season village of a few Bakalaharis, a Bantu people who years ago lost all their cattle and went into the desert, where they live a life very much like the life of Bushmen except that they raise goats. During the rains they graze their goats at little posts of theirs, far away in the veld. We set off toward the village, planning to ask the people there if they knew of Bushmen farther on, but as we went over the ridge and down into the valley we came upon all the villagers walking toward us, driving donkeys and herds of goats, a surprising sight in that lonely country. There were about sixty people in all, tall, dark-skinned Bakalahari men carrying bows and arrows, followed by their women, who carried heavy bundles on their backs, supported by tumplines around their foreheads, which made their eyes bulge and their lower jaws stick out. Among them walked their Bushman servants, old wrinkled men and women, young girls with their babies, lithe young hunters, small, light-skinned, all carrying great loads of household goods belonging to the Bakalaharis, with the youngest Bushman children riding on top of the loads. Some of the Bushman boys were driving herds of goats, some of the older Bushman women drove herds of scrubby gray donkeys which were also heavily loaded with bundles of hides, sticks used to build houses, bags of belongings, and baby goats too young to walk.

We were surprised to see them and we stopped. Some of

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

609 In a short time we heard a rustle in the veld, and a young
854 woman who seemed to be in her early twenties stepped from the bushes. She was, Ukwane said, Gai's wife, and on her hip she carried a baby, a naked three-year-old who looked at us from his wide eyes fearlessly, then, realizing that we were strangers, buried his face in his mother's arm. His mother stroked him calmly and came toward us smiling and nodding her head graciously, although a little pulse was hammering in the V of her throat. We learned later that she had been sitting in the bushes very near us, and when she had seen her husband go by she had assumed that everything was all right and had come to greet us, not bothering to answer his cries.

142 She was a short, sturdy woman with round arms, long thighs, and short calves. She had a rather large belly and
291 square, strong shoulders, and she wore a very tattered cape or kaross over her back, with a small leather apron around her hips. She had no ornaments except a row of blue scars over
304 her eyes, a decoration, and she had allowed her hair to be-
302 come disheveled, long, and a little tangled, hanging down
184 over her ears in tight spirals, instead of having shaved it off as most Bushman women do. All this gave her a very matter-of-fact air, which was not deceiving, for she saw in a glance that we were harmless and, looking us over, sat down at once beside me.

304 Her baby pulled, twisted, and tugged at her, and from the way he behaved I judged that he kept her too busy to be for-
[854] ever cutting her hair or making bead ornaments. Besides, she told us later, if she wore ornaments, the baby pulled them off. She had her row of scars, though, delicate and arching over her brow, making her eyes seem wider; as well as a row of striped scars along her thighs. These, say Bushmen, are made to imitate the beauty of zebras, and many women wear them, having been decorated when they were still young. It

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

mediately down a hole. Gai continued treading in the half-hearted hope of another mouse, with a disappointed, intent expression on his face because the first had escaped him. Witabe, on the jeep, suddenly thought the whole performance so funny that he burst into laughter and laughed until he didn't make a sound, until tears ran out of his eyes and onto his belly, until he could hardly breathe, all to see Gai, the sole support of eleven people, the great hunter and provider, treading on top of a straw pile to chase away a mouse.

Gai was a little abashed and he stopped treading, but he did put his hand into the nest and pulled out the mouse's bed, a little ball of finer grass mixed with the mouse's own fur. Gai pulled it apart to show how it was made. We saw the mouse again when Witabe poked it out of the hole with a stick, but it ran back in at once, this time for good, so we went on, leaving the mouse with his home in a shambles and his soft bed gone.

We got back to camp late in the afternoon, and Tsetchwe was so glad to see us that she threw her arms around me and held up her baby for me to kiss. She and I were the only young women for miles around, so there was a bond between us. She often gave me her baby to mind—not an easy job because Nhwakwe was as innocent as he was bold, and I had once taken him from under the wheels of a truck that was about to move. I had carried him to the werf for safety, but he hadn't stayed long; in a short time we had seen the grass moving at the edge of camp and Nhwakwe had appeared once more, this time dragging a toy, having walked the long distance all by himself and having navigated purely by a sense of direction, for the thick grass was high above his head.

Tsetchwe did not kiss her husband or even greet him, as Bushmen are accustomed to short absences from each other and it is not the custom for men and women to kiss. They

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

right, saying that Gai may have *thought* the Bakalahari was his real father, but that Ukwane knew better. I expect that Ukwane was right at that, for Gai certainly looked like a Bushman.

But whether father or stepfather, Gai said, the Bakalahari kept sending messages to Gai with Bushmen who might be passing through Ai a ha'o telling him to come back to Chukudu (probably to work), but Gai never did. Gai was too clever.

At noon the sun had warmed the air a little, although there was still an edge of frost, and the women got up and walked off together into the veld to search for wood. In an hour or so they came back heavily loaded, Tsetchwe with her kaross bulging with melons, perhaps twenty in all, a great load of wood on top of them piled higher than her head, and Nhwakwe riding on top of it all. Even in the cold air she perspired, and as her load must have weighed almost a hundred pounds, she walked leaning forward.

By night the cold had deepened. The Bushman boys came out of my tent and went home for dinner, then lay by the fires to sleep when the adults curled up in the shallow pits. The moon rose, a frosty circle, hard as a coin, and before we went to sleep that night we heard a jackal calling "tsa," out on the plains.

"Tsa," called one of the Bushmen, answering him.

"Tsa!" the jackal replied.

In the morning we were very pleased to find that the cold had broken. We woke up to find the sun just rising, and on the other edge the moon just sinking down, lustrous and pale in a current of balmy air coming warm from the equator. In the east, only the planets showed of all the stars; one of them,

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

this did no good he endured the nuisance for a moment, then flung himself down on his back, put up his long legs like a fighting cock, and kicked the branches down.

He dug out a great deal of earth, throwing it behind him, and finally uncovered a *ga* root, big and dark with a warty surface all covered with lumps like a toad or a stone; a fascinating thing, for although it was large and nondescript, brownish gray in brown-gray sand, marked only by an old dry vine, it was life itself to Bushmen, bitter but quite moist even in the hottest season. Tsetchwe put the root in her kaross and we went off, Gai generously carrying the baby, taking him from Tsetchwe by the forearm and swinging him up to his shoulder. The baby rode astride Gai's neck with the soft kaross he wore draped over Gai's head. From the rear they were an apparition, as this made the baby's head, not much higher than Gai's, look like a tiny head on a man's tall, slender body.

We wanted very much to find a bi root, and while Gai, the baby, and my brother went off to look for one I waited behind with the women. We rested in a small circle in the dim shade of the grass, which, when we were sitting, came high above our heads so that all we could see was a circle of sky and, in the circle, the ragged, waxing moon. It had risen luxuriously in the daytime and was a pale, large crescent, pearl-colored in the sun. The moon is a root with a climbing stalk, a vine. It can be eaten.

Giamakwe began to urinate right in our midst, crouching and pulling his loincloth aside. Although the adults are slightly inhibited about this, the children are not, sometimes simply turning aside to urinate as one might turn aside to cough. Presently the young boys got up and ran away, and when they did Tsetchwe herself got to her feet, stepped aside, and urinated also, standing up but leaning forward. Bushman

142
291

Gai was afraid of us at first. He listened carefully to everything we said, but he would not speak.

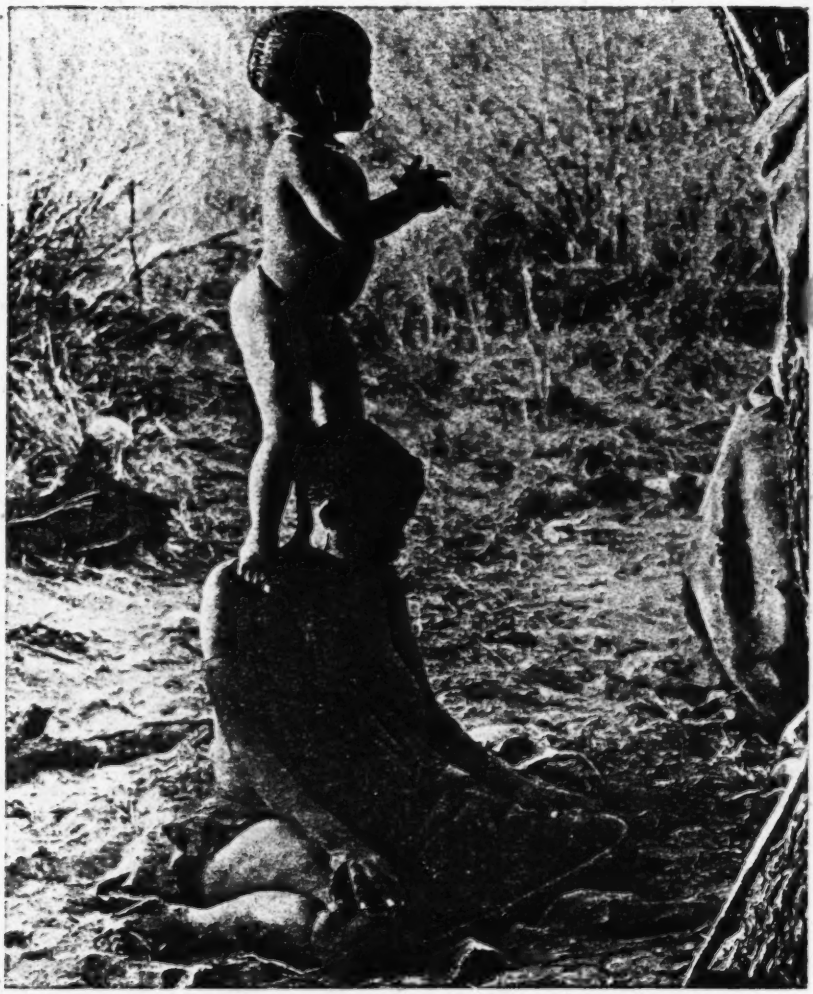
Even among her own people Tsetchwe was lonely, for in her band there was no young woman but herself.

142
291
162
854
301

[p. 112(B)]

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10

854
142
291
516



He climbed to her shoulder and stood there triumphantly without holding on, gazing around like a child on a hill.

[p. 112 (F)]

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

luctance the bride struggled while the other girl caught her. She lifted the bride and carried her on her shoulders, not upright as a figure of triumph but wrapped in the kaross and motionless, like a dead little animal, then put her shrouded body on the floor of the new scherm and left her there to lie quietly while the wedding guests arrived. Again according to custom, the groom seemed to take no notice of his new bride; the people in the werf paid no attention, and, in fact, all the people went about their business in such a matter-of-fact way that an observer would think that nothing had happened although the young people were now married, the wedding had taken place.

The parents of the couple could not attend the wedding, for the young bride and groom were so tabu to them at this time that they could not even mention their names. In fact, no older person could attend, and the guests who came were all children, three-year-olds to teen-agers, who sat by the young couple's fire decorously, the boys on the man's side, the girls on the woman's, and talked quietly for twenty minutes or so, the youngest guests leaving when their bedtimes came. That was all. In the morning the little girl and her young husband were anointed with fat by their mothers, and they lived together from that day on.

A month later the bride's mother, who was herself a young woman, bore another child, her second daughter. We were at her werf at the time, sitting in the shade. That day the young woman had not gone out for veld food, but was lying propped up on her elbow in front of her scherm when suddenly, without telling anyone what was happening, she stood up and walked into the bushes, only to come back some time later with her baby in the fold of her kaross. We might not have known what had happened except that she was smiling a sure, sweet smile because she was pleased with herself. Her

593
142
291
516

Crooked Kwi and his wife, who once had run away from him.

Dikai made a bow from a branch, an arrow from a reed, and gave them to her younger son.

868
854
411
301
302
142
516

[p. 176(C)]

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

Little
535 857 Dabe was evidently being minded by his brother, for he arrived riding on Little Gashe's back, a heavy load, and Little Gashe danced in a circle behind the young girls carrying Little Dabe, then, perhaps getting tired, stopped dancing and shook Little Dabe off. When Little Dabe was standing Little Gashe climbed on Little Dabe's back to let Little Dabe do the dancing for a while. Soon these children were joined by some older boys and they all bobbed along happily, one behind the other, quite small and lit dimly in the big dance circle they were making for themselves.

The girls sang well. Their songs and the sharp rhythm of their clapping floated over the dark veld to us, mixed with the voices of the frogs. The frogs croaked so loudly by the pan, their croaking floated so clearly over the water, that for a while the girls just clapped their hands and let the frogs sing for them. The girls and the frogs kept time, and as the frog voices gradually faded the girls began to sing again themselves and presently, two or three at a time, our visitors went away from our fire to their scherms and later, a few at a time, appeared again at the dance fire with wood to burn or dance rattles to wear, some joining the singers and dancers, some others building small fires of their own in the veld a little apart from the dance fire. Before long, every werf was represented.

In the veld, where we were standing, the moonlight shone, making black shadows and pale, cool light. The air was still and warm and fragrant with the grasses of the veld and the voices came to us softly. At the fire the dancers wheeled slowly in their course around the circle, and the firelight shone in flickering beams through their stamping, naked legs, red on their naked backs. We could not see them plainly because they were far away, but we moved toward them and the sing-

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

ing got louder, we heard the low sound of stamping feet and 535
the low singing of the men's voices, no longer obscured by 857
the pure, high singing of the women, and when we were there we were inside the cloud of red, luminous dust, and the sounds of rattles and clapping rang in our ears.

More and more women joined the singing girls, each throwing some sticks on the dance fire as she came, then finding a place to squat in the circle, the others shuffling apart to make room, and soon the fire burned up brightly, lighting the dust stirred up by the dancers' feet and showing the huddled circle of women, who by now looked like a flock of birds [516] crouched on the ground, they were so tightly crowded, their karosses like hunched, folded wings and their heads up alertly; the bright dance fire showed too the oval faces of the visitors, the smallest ones near the ground, the larger ones a little higher, and as more and more men appeared from the darkness to join the dance the dust cloud rose higher and thicker until it seemed to shine of itself, like a veil or an illusion, and you couldn't be sure if what you saw was there before you or reflected.

Within an hour everyone was there. It behooves one to go [775] to a medicine dance because the spirits of the dead, waiting in the shadows around the dance fire and on their paths above the veld, might carry off a person if he stayed at home alone.

In the circle, one man was dancing with his child on his 535 shoulder, and the child, naked and golden-skinned on the naked brown shoulder, looked gravely down. Other children were dancing, Little Dabe and Little Gashe among them, Little Gashe carrying Little Dabe again, going slower and slower because he was tired. At last Beautiful Ungka picked 535 854 up both Little Gashe and his passenger, put them in her

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

535 854 kaross, and carried them to their mother; in this way, one by one, the dancing babies were eliminated and the circle was left to the men.

535 786 The dance went on all night, reaching a climax after midnight when the moon was high and sailing overhead. The medicine men were seized with trances that shook their bodies and rattled their teeth and sent them rushing headlong into the black shadows to curse at the spirits of the dead. Dust mounted, the sound of the high singing and the rattles was deafening, and even in the pauses between dances the medicine men screamed.

535 When hours had passed, when the moon was low and only its thick red glow showed on the horizon, the dance reached a lull and many people went home. Soon only a core of dancers and singers remained, perhaps twenty people in all. These were the strong young men, wiry enough to have withstood ten hours of dancing, and the old widows and middle-aged women, those who had no small children to worry them, women who were tougher than the young girls and did not mind that they felt tired. It is a strong thing to dance all night; it brings powerful, enduring medicine, and these few people, willing to withstand fatigue and cold, wore away the night to dance for the medicine of the rising sun.

When the moon was down and the dance fire had burned to embers, was almost out, I went to the veld to gather firewood. Just then the first stars began to dim in the soft, cold air, the eastern sky turned pale; faintly, the first birds began 535 533 to cry, and from where I stood in the veld I heard the song change to the sun-dance. The song lasted only for a moment, as the singers acknowledged the paleness, and a little later, as the light in the east became brighter and the colors of the

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

481 hurrying because one of the little boys had found a millipede
825 and was trotting behind them carrying it. Bushman women do not like millipedes; millipedes make them very nervous. Someone persuaded the child to drop it, which he did reluctantly. It was a giant, shiny black and a foot long, and it ran away with the front of its body in the air, its head bent like a curbed horse. The little boy watched it go.

515 The women walked through the acacia trees and reached the pan, the shining lake, red now with sunset, and even though the air was getting cool the children ran in the shallow water, splashing, the women crouched on the rocks to bathe. They took off their karosses and bathed their arms and legs and faces, washing all the dust away, then brushed their teeth with their fingers. Beautiful Ungka called for Little Dabe and hung her ornaments on him while she bathed. He ran through the water playing, splashing with the other children, quite unconscious of his gorgeous array. Beautiful Ungka was so supple that as she sat bathing she could lay her body down on the rocks between her raised knees, which she did to reach the water, saving herself the trouble of moving forward.

292 After they had bathed, the young girls made aloe circlets for their heads, red in the red light of the sky, and they seemed very innocent and beautiful, fresh and clean; they dressed themselves slowly as the sun went down, then walked into the water, where they danced, slowly, idly, kicking to make a rhythmic splash.

854 Little Dabe, on the shore now, found the rocks hard on his feet and began to wail, and all alone on top of the rocks, picking his feet up one after the other, he was like a peacock in his ornaments, with his complaining, raucous cry. Beauti-
854 415 ful Ungka carried him then, although she too was barefoot, bouncing him up and down while the other women rinsed and filled their ostrich eggshells.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

and filled their ostrich eggshells. The air was soft and fragrant 854
with acacia and now the tiny, bright birds of the desert came out of the bushes where they had spent the day to fly over the pan and dip up water, and when it was almost dark the girls and women wandered home.

11: Marshall E-5 (1950-1955) 1958 FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

222
854
291
412
301

!KUNG MOTHER, collecting near camp, cradles a suckling daughter in a fold of her skin *kaross*, while her toddler son carries along a stick of his own.

[P. 11]

FIG. 9. With all space around them, they sit shoulder to shoulder, ankle across ankle. One of the boys plays a *//gwashi*

FIG. 10. A mother and child asleep. Babies are held and carried most of the time. When they play they are never far from their parents

FIG. 11. Old Gau lends an arrow to his son-in-law, /Qui

FIG. 12. ≠Toma carrying his share of meat in a first distribution

[p. 240 - C]

13: Marshall E-5 (1952-1955) 1962 FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

[p. 228 (E)]

8. Occasionally a woman dances with the men for a brief time. All the men who are dancing except two (fourth and sixth from right) are practising medicine men. The one at the farthest left and the one bending forward are beginning to go into trance. Others hold them. In this stage they cure the people, leaning over one and then another, laying on their hands, and making their 'medicine' gestures and sounds

796
535
781
854

133
142
291
301
482

On the Move A Bushman hangs his possessions on a carrying stick and thrusts his assegai under the stick in back to distribute the weight onto both shoulders.

222
462 when the people go to gather mangetti's or tsī, the men always accompany the women and help to gather and to carry the heavy loads—as much as they possibly can—back to the water hole.

Though the men help, especially with *tsī* and mangettis, gathering and digging are the work of women and the work that takes up the greater portion of their energy and time throughout their lives. Their digging implement is a sharpened, unweighted stick about three feet long. When we were living with the Gautscha bands at the Gautscha water hole in the dry season, the women went to gather every day or every second or third day, depending on the distance and on how much food they could carry back. They would plan which patch or fertile area to go to and start out in small groups, some to one place, some to another. They would walk five or ten or fifteen miles to their destination and then pick berries or dig roots, which may lie two feet or more under the ground, until the mid-afternoon, and then start back to the werf (campsite) at the water hole. They carry their infants tied to them, small children on their shoulders, and the loads of veldkos in the bulges of their karosses (skin capes). When they near the werf, they pick up two or three logs for the night fires.

222
[412]
[101]
[484]
[361]
[854]
[482]
[372]

The veldkos that each woman gathers belongs to her and with it she feeds her own family, sharing with whatever relative or friend she wishes. Custom does not require her to share it in a systematic way with others as meat must be shared. She cooks her veldkos in the coals and hot ashes, pounds fibrous roots and hard berries in her mortar, and serves the food to her family as a family meal, usually in the evening. During the day, however, people may cook and eat little snacks at odd times.

252
264

222
433
731 Although there are numerous kinds of veldkos, we must not give the impression that there is a great abundance. In fact, the opposite is true. Food is scarce all over the arid Kalahari, where drought is the scourge on all—the cattle raisers, the dry farmers, and the gatherers of the wild foods.

628
166
582 There has been much intermarriage in the Nyae Nyae region. Families therefore may have close relatives—with whom they have the right to live—

15: Marshall E-5 (1951-1961) 1965
FX10 Bushmen FX10
!Kung

to do so. Lack of privacy makes it almost impossible to keep an affair secret, and violent jealousy and anger can be aroused. Fearing any disruptive force, the !Kung disapprove.

LIFE CYCLE

CHILD TRAINING • !Kung parents are gentle, protective, and permissive with all their children and express their affection especially with babies. It is a most common sight to see fathers fondly kissing them with pursed lips and smacks. The mother, wherever she goes, carries her infant tied to her left side, skin to skin, in a little leather sling where it can reach her breast. When she sits, she takes the infant out of its sling, holds it, lets it nurse the other breast.

The !Kung believe that long nursing is essential to the survival and development of their children and encourage them to continue until they are three or four or older. These people practice infanticide and, in explaining it, say that they must space their babies so that each will be able to nurse long enough to ensure his having strong legs. An infant cannot thrive on their harsh foods, they say, even though they chew the food and put it into the infants' mouths, and the mother cannot support two entirely with her milk, excellent though !Kung lactation appears to be. They supplement the milk with adult food as soon as the child can eat it, so that a child is accustomed to it and ready to be weaned at three or four when the next baby comes. But, even so, the mother weans gradually, letting the older child have a drink of milk occasionally through the day. If the mother does not have or keep another baby but still has milk, she will allow or encourage her child to continue nursing. Other children tend to make fun of a child who nurses until he is six or so, and, in response to their teasing, a child may wean himself quite abruptly.

Babies are naked and, since there are no floors but the desert sand, not much is made of their urinating wherever they are. When they defecate, they are wiped with grass and the fecal matter is cleaned up at once by some older child or adult and carried off. As soon as children can walk fairly well they are led by the hand and encouraged to go out of the werf for their toilet needs, at first for the sake of cleanliness and, as they grow older, for the sake of modesty as well. (!Kung adults are exceedingly modest about uncovering their genitalia. Their incest taboo influences this behavior, I think, very strongly.)

Infants sleep in their mothers' arms. Young children sleep wrapped in karosses beside their parents' fire. Boys from the age of about eleven or twelve sleep at a boys' fire, not far from the family of one of them. Girls at that age go to sleep with a grandmother or some widow, or several of them

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date) 1930
FX13 Hottentot
Bushmen FX 10

also have a larger apron behind, sometimes hanging from the shoulders, more often tied round the waist, and almost meeting over or under the apron in front. In the north-east a leather loin-cloth drawn through a belt in the same way as that of the men, only somewhat longer, is often seen instead. A large kaross is also worn by the married women. This hangs from the right shoulder, passing under the left arm, and is tied again at the waist; it thus forms a convenient pouch, in which are carried the baby as well as supplies for the day, such as ostrich eggshells filled with water, edible roots and fruit, grass or firewood.

Babies go naked, save for a trifling ornament, till they are about a year old. The boys are then given a tiny belt with a semi-circular flap of leather in front, the girls a small apron decorated with leather tassels and beads. Their mother's kaross, however, continues to be their sole protection from the cold till they are weaned, when about three or four years old. The little girls then receive a tiny kaross hanging from the shoulders, the boys a small loin-cloth similar to that of the men. They do not wear a cloak of any kind till they are in their teens and are taken out to learn hunting.

All women and children and the younger men also wear ornaments. Chief among these are ostrich egg-shell beads, the making of which is one of the oldest Bushmen industries. Such beads, whole and in fragments, and at all stages of making, are found all over South Africa, from the kitchen-middens on the south coast as far north as the Okavango, where they form a standard article of barter between the Bushmen and their Bantu neighbours. They are made by the women. The eggshell is broken into small pieces which are softened in water and pierced with a small stone or iron borer. They are then threaded on to a strip of sinew and the rough edges chipped off with a horn. Soft bark fibre is next twisted between the beads, making the chain very taut, and the edges are finally rubbed smooth with a soft stone. The beads thus made are used as single chains or worked into more complicated ornaments. Bands of them are worn on the hair, sometimes encircling the whole head, more often tied to the hair on either side, while a long narrow strip may hang down the forehead or on to the neck behind. Necklaces and bracelets of these beads are also seen, and very long chains are fastened three or four times round the waist (Plate XI).

Besides these beads any other ornaments obtainable are worn by the women. These include arm and leg bands made of leather and bark strips or twisted from the tail hairs of a wildebeest or gnu, as

142
291
301
302
854

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date)1930
FX13 Hottentot
Bushmen FX10

[facing p. 118]

L. Fourie

GROUP OF AUEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Notice the clothing and ornaments, and the mode of carrying the babies

[*see p.* 118